

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

When I was young, when I was young,  
Even clouded skies seemed bright;  
In gloom some tells the day went by,  
I tranquill sleep, the night.  
All sights were fair, all sounds were sweet,  
The very bells that rang  
Seemed chiming tunes of joy for me—  
When I, when I was young.

When I was young, the tales of Hope,  
With quick belief were met;  
I never dreamed that Love could change,  
Or Pleasure cause regret.  
I did not know that poison tipped  
Fair Flattery's hoisted tongue;  
Or interest or were Friendship's gift,  
When I, when I was young.

When I was young, my fate looked fair,  
My eyes and hopes were bright;  
And on the upward path of life,  
My heart and steps were light.  
Now many winters on my limbs  
Their heavy chains have hung,  
But my heart still beats as brave a march,  
As it did when I was young!

If thorns I've felt, I've plucked some flowers,  
As through the world I've trod;  
And if I'm forced to doubt mankind,  
I've learned to trust in God.  
I still can stretch a friendly hand,  
Still speak with kindly tongue,  
And hope to die with heart as warm  
As it was when I was young.  
Philadelphia.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE,"  
"EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the  
year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the  
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LVI.

A LETTER FOR MR. CHATTAWAY.

Although an insignificant place, Barbrook and its environs got their letters early. The bags were dropped by the London mail train at Barbrook in the middle of the night; and as the post-office arrangements at that town were well conducted—which cannot be said for all towns—by eight o'clock Barbrook got its letters.

Rather before that hour than after it, they were delivered at Trevlyn Hold. Being the residence of chief importance in the neighborhood, the postman was in the habit of beginning his round there; it had been so in imperious old Squire Trevlyn's time, and it was so still. Thus it generally happened that breakfast would be commencing at the Hold when the post came in.

As it was on a morning of which we must take some notice—a morning which, as Mr. Chattaway was destined afterwards to find, he would have cause to remember, to date from, to his dying day. If Miss Diana Trevlyn happened to see the postman approaching the house, she would most likely walk to the hall door and receive the letters into her own hands. And it was so on this morning.

"Only two, ma'am," the postman said, as he delivered them to her.

THE JOINTED IRON STEAMSHIP CONNECTOR.

Some time since public attention in England was called to this system of jointed vessels, to be used for commercial purposes upon the coast, the advantages being that, instead of the entire vessel remaining delayed in discharging that part of her cargo belonging to a certain port in her voyage, a section or portion of the ship herself should be left there, and, having discharged and re-laden, be called for again on the return of the other parts of the vessel.

"At that time," says a London journal,

the gravest doubts were expressed by competent judges of the success of the system, it being generally considered that, however applicable to rivers and smooth water, the strain upon the connecting parts in a seaway would endanger the safety of the vessel. After most careful inspection of the vessel, and evidence of the parties who have navigated her during this time, two qualified engineering authorities, Mr. Edwin Clark and Mr. J. C. Gunn, have given their approval of the safety and completeness of the principle.

She looked at the address of both. The one was a foreign letter bearing her own name, and she thought she recognized the handwriting of Mr. Daw; the other bore the London postmark, and was superscribed "James Chattaway, Esq., Trevlyn Hold, near Barbrook."

With an eager movement, somewhat foreign to the cold and stately motions of Miss Diana Trevlyn, she broke the seal of the former; there, at the hall door as she stood. A thought had flashed into her mind, that the boy Rupert might have found his way at length to Mr. Daw, and that gentleman be conveying intimation of the same—as Miss Diana by letter had requested him to do. It was just the contrary, however. Mr. Daw wrote to beg a line of news from Miss Diana, as to whether tidings had been heard of Rupert. He had visited his father and mother's grave the previous day he observed, and he did not know whether that had caused him to think more of Rupert; but ever since, all the past night and again today, he had been unable to get him out of his head; a feeling was upon him (no doubt a foolish one, he added in a parenthesis) that the boy was taken, or that some other misfortune had befallen him, or was about to befall, and he presumed to request a line from Miss Diana Trevlyn to put him out of his suspense.

She folded the letter when read; pushed it into the pocket of her black watered-silk apron, and returned to the breakfast room, carrying the one for Mr. Chattaway. As she did so her eyes happened to fall upon the back of the letter, and she saw it was stamped with the name of a firm—Connell, Connell & Ray.

She knew the firm by name; they were solicitors of great respectability in London.

Indeed, she remembered to have entertained Mr. Charles Connell at the Hold for a few days in her father's lifetime, that gentleman being at the time engaged in some law business for Squire Trevlyn. They must be old men now, she knew; those brothers Connell; and Mr. Ray, she believed to have heard, was the son-in-law of one of them.

"What can they have to write to Chattaway about?" marvelled Miss Diana; but the next moment she remembered that they were the agents of Peterby & Jones, of Barbrook, and the mystery was solved in

the writing of the letter. Miss Diana happened to be looking at him. She saw him gaze at it with an air of bewilderment; she saw him go over it again—there were apparently but some half dozen lines and then she saw him turn green. You may cavil at the expression if you like, but

He tore off the envelope, and cast his eyes on the writing of the letter. Miss Diana

had the power of reading it, and she saw him gaze at it with an air of bewilderment; she saw him go over it again—there were apparently but some half dozen lines and then she saw him turn green. You may cavil at the expression if you like, but

"What an absurdity!" she exclaimed; and knowing what she did know of the sick, helpless position of Rupert, the contents sounded not only absurd but impossible. "Somebody must have written it mischievously, to frighten you, James."

"Yes," said Mr. Chattaway, compressing his thin lips; "it comes from the Peterby & Jones quarter. There is no doubt of it. A felon

had broken into the house, and he had

been discovered, and he had fled.

"I cannot think it's Peterby & Jones," resumed Miss Diana. "They are quite as respectable as the Connells, and I don't believe they would league themselves with Rupert, after what he has done. I don't be-

lieve he has any friends left."

Mr. Chattaway, suspicious Mr. Chattaway, pressed one more question.

"Have you any notion at all where Rupert is likely to be? That he is in hiding, and accessible to some people, is evident from these letters from Connell's house."

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"I don't know, I have always pursued my own course, whatever it may be. Whether he be alive or whether he be dead, I know not. You can not know less yourself than I do."

He was obliged to be circumlocuted with the question. He went out and presented direct to Mr. Flood's, and laid the letter—his letter—before him.

"What sort of a thing do you call that?" he intermediately uttered. "Connell & Connell must be induces men to write it."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Flood, who had got his eyes opened on the letter; "there's more to this than meets the eye."

"You don't think it's a joke—dare to say that?"

"A joke? Connell & Connell would not send themselves to a joke. No, I don't."

"Then what do you think?"

Mr. Flood was several minutes before he replied, and his silence drove Mr. Chittaway to the verge of exasperation.

"It is difficult to know what to think," he presently said. "I should be inclined to say they have been brought into personal communication with Rupert Trevi, or with somebody acting for him; perhaps the latter is the most probable. And I should also say they must have been convinced, by documentary or other evidence, of there existing a good foundation for Rupert's claims to the Hold. Mr. Chittaway—if I may speak the truth to you—I should dread this letter."

Mr. Chittaway felt as if a bucket of cold water had been suddenly flung over him, and was dripping down his back.

"Why is it that you turn against me?"

"Turn against you! I don't know what you mean. I don't turn against you; quite the opposite. I am willing to act for you, to do anything I legally can to meet the letter."

"Why do you fear it?"

"Business Connell, Connell & Ray, are keen and cautious practitioners as well as honorable men, and I do not think they would write such a decided letter as this, unless they knew they were fully justified in it, and were prepared to follow it out," was the concluding reply of the lawyer.

"You are a pretty Job's comforter!" grunted Mr. Chittaway.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### A DAY OF MISCHIEF.

Rebecca the servant was true. She was true and crafty in her faithfulness to her mistress, and she contrived to get various dainties prepared and conveyed unsuspectingly under her apron, watching her opportunity, to the sitting room of Madam, where they were hidden away in a closet and the key turned upon them. So far, so good; but that was not all; and the greatest difficulty lay behind—the transporting them to Rupert.

The little tricks and ruses that the lodge and those in its secret learnt to be expert in at this time, were worthy of the most private inquiry office going. Ann Canham, at some given hour named, would be standing at the open door of the lodge, apparently enjoying an interlude of idleness; and Mrs. Chittaway, with timid steps, and eyes that wandered everywhere lest witnesses were about, would come down the avenue: opposite the lodge door, by some sleight of hand, a parcel, or a basket, or a bottle would be transferred from under her large shawl to Ann Canham's hands. The latter would close the door and slip the bolt, while the lady would walk swiftly on through the gate, for the purpose of taking foot exercise in the road. Or perhaps it would be Maude to go through this little rehearsal, instead of Madam. But at the best it was all difficult of accomplishment for many reasons, and might at any time be stopped. If only the extra cooking in the kitchen came to the knowledge of the Hold's real mistress, Miss Diana Trevi, it would be quite impossible to venture to continue that cooking, and next to impossible to conceal longer the proximity of Rupert.

It was only at night that Mrs. Chittaway ventured to enter the lodge; or, rather, at the dusk of evening. In broad daylight she dared not enter, and had she been missed from home after actual nightfall, no end of inquiries would have ensued from the girls as to what had become of mamma; but it was nothing strange that she should take a walk by twilight. One day, which must surely have dawned under some unlucky star, a disastrous catastrophe ensued.

It happened that Miss Diana Trevi had arranged to take the Miss Chittaways to a morning concert at Barnester. Maude might have gone, but excused herself to Miss Diana: while the fate of Rupert hung in the balance it was scarcely seemly, she argued, that she should be seen at public functions. Urs had gone out shooting that day; Mr. Chittaway, as was supposed, was at Barnester; and when dinner was served, only Miss Chittaway and Maude sat down to it. It was a plain dinner—a piece of roast beef; and during a momentary absence of Urs, who was waiting at table, Maude exclaimed in a low tone—

"Aunt Edith, if we could but get a slice of this to Rupert; but, as it is!"

"I was thinking of it," said Mrs. Chittaway. "It is—"

The servants returned to the house, and the conversation was stopped. But his mistress,

wife had under suspicion that of being in favor of him, dismissed him, marking the world ring. And then she thought was carried out. A small blunder soon turned which happened to lie on the table was made the receptacle for some of the hot meat, and Maude put on her bonnet and stole away with it.

An unlucky venture. In her haste to reach the lodge unobserved, she split some of the gravy, and was stopping to wipe it with her handkerchief from the tureen, fearing for her dress, when she was interrupted by Mr. Chittaway. It was close to the lodge. Maude's heart, as the saying runs, came into her mouth.

"What's that? Where are you taking it to?" he demanded, for his eyes had caught the tureen before she could scuffle it under her mantle.

He peremptorily took it from her unresisting hand, raised the cover, and saw two tempting slices of hot roast beef, and part of a cauliflower. Had Maude witnessed the actual discovery of Rupert by Mr. Chittaway, she could not have felt more utterly sick: her face, in its scared dread, was a sight to look upon.

"I ask you to whom you were taking this?"

His resolute face, his concentrated tones of anger, coupled with her own terror, were more than poor Maude could brave. "To Mark Canham," she faltered. There was no one whatever, save him, whom she could mention with the least plausibility: and she could not pretend to be only taking a walk, and carrying a tureen of meat with her for pleasure.

"Was it Madam's doing, to send this?"

Again she could only answer in the affirmative. She might not say it was a servant's, she might not say it was herself: there was but Mrs. Chittaway. Mr. Chittaway stalked off to the Hold, tureen in hand.

His wife sat at the dinner table, and James was removing some little tartlets from it as he entered. Regardless of the man's presence, he gave vent to his fit of anger, reproaching her in no measured terms for what she had done. Meat and vegetables from his own table, to be supplied to that profligate, good-for-nothing man, Canham, who already enjoyed a house and half-a-crown a week for doing nothing! How dared she guilty of extravagance so great, of wilful waste? And the master of Trevlyn Hold called for a hot plate, turned out the contents of the tureen, and actually began to eat them for his own dinner.

It was a very Benjamin's portion for anybody's dinner; there was no doubt of that; more, in fact, than one man could eat, unless his appetite was remarkably good. This fact did not tend to lessen the anger or the astonishment of Mr. Chittaway: he stared at the meat, he turned it over and over, he held it out on his fork to Mrs. Chittaway that she might not forget the quantity; and he talked and reproached so fast that his poor wife, between mortification and terror, burst into tears; and James, who possessed more delicacy than his master, made his escape from the room. Maude had not dared to re-enter it.

The scene came to an end; all such scenes do, it is to be hoped; and the afternoon went on. Mr. Chittaway went out again, Urs had not come in, Miss Diana and the young ladies did not return, and Mrs. Chittaway and Maude were still alone. "I shall go down to see him, Maude," the former said in a low tone, breaking an unhappy silence. "And I shall take him some thing to eat; I will risk it. He has had nothing from us to-day."

Maude scarcely knew what to answer: her own fright was not over yet. Mrs. Chittaway dressed herself, took the little provision basket—they dared not make it a large one—and went out. It was dusk—all but dark; Mrs. Chittaway was surprised to find it so dark, but the evening was a gloomy one. Scarcely daring to proceed, looking here, peering there, with slow and cautious steps she walked. Meeting nobody, she gained the lodge, opened its door with a quick hand, and—stole away again silently and swiftly with perhaps the greatest terror she had ever felt, rushing over her heart.

For, the first figure she saw there was that of her husband, and the first voice she heard was his. She pushed her way amidst the trunks of the nearly leafless trees, and concealed herself as she best could. In returning that evening it had struck Mr. Chittaway as he passed the lodge that he could not do better than favor old Canham with a piece of his mind, and forbid him, under pain of being instantly dismasted and discarded, to rob the Hold (it was so he phrased it) of so much as a scrap of bread. Old Canham, knowing what there was at stake, took it patiently, never denying that the beef (which Mr. Chittaway enlarged upon) might have been meant for him. Ann Canham stood on the upright staircase, against the closed chamber of Rupert, shivering and shaking: and poor Rupert himself, who had not failed to hear and recognize that loud voice, lay as one in an agony.

Mr. Chittaway was in the midst of his last sentence of reproof, which became louder and harsher as the winding-up drew near, when the front door was suddenly flung open, and as suddenly shut again. He had his back to it, but he turned round just in time to catch a glimpse of somebody's petticoats before the door closed.

"Aunt Edith, if we could but get a slice of this to Rupert; but, as it is!"

"I was thinking of it," said Mrs. Chittaway. "It is—"

The servants returned to the house, and the conversation was stopped. But his mistress,

she had of his somewhat quizzical friend.

"Do you think I should do, Aunt Edith?"

"Oh, my boy, I hope not; I hope not that it is all in God's will. Report, darling, it seems a tried thing, especially to the young, to leave this world; but do you know what I often think as I lie and sigh through my sleepless nights: that it would be a blessed change both for you and for me if God were to take us from it and give us a place in heaven."

Another pause.

"You can tell Mr. Chittaway that you feel sure I had nothing to do with the letter you speak of, Aunt Edith."

She shook her head.

"No, Report; but the less I say the better. It would not do: I should fear some chance word on my part might betray you: and all I could say would not make any impression on Mr. Chittaway."

"You are not going!" he exclaimed, as she rose from her seat on the bed.

"I must. I wish I could stay, but I dare not: indeed it was not safe to-night to come in at all."

"Aunt Edith, if you could but stay! It is so lonely. Four-and-twenty hours before I shall see you or Maude again! It is like being left alone to die."

"Not to die, I trust," she said, the tears falling fast from her eyes. "We shall be together some time forever, but I pray that we may have a little more happiness in life first!"

Very full was her heart that night, and but for the fear that her red eyes would betray her, and questions be asked, she could have wept all the way home. Stealing in at the side door, she gained her room, and found that Mr. Chittaway, fortunately, had not discovered her absence.

A few minutes after she entered, the house was in a commotion. Cries were heard proceeding from the kitchen, and Mrs. Chittaway and others hastened towards it. One of the servants was badly scalded. Most unfortunately, it happened to be the cook, Rebecca. In taking some calf's foot jelly from the fire, she had, by some inadvertent awkwardness, turned the whole boiling liquid over her feet and the lower part of her legs.

She untied her bonnet, and stole up the stairs into Rupert's room. By the rushlight that burned there she could see the ravages of illness on his wasting features; features that seemed to have changed for the worse even since she saw him that time last night. He turned his blue eyes, bright and wild with disease, bodily and mental, on her as she entered.

"Oh, Aunt Edith! Is he gone? I thought I should have died with fright here as I lay."

"He is gone, darling," she answered, bending over him, and speaking with reassuring tenderness. "You look worse to-night, Report."

"It is in this stifling room, aunt; it is killing me. At least, it is giving me no chance to get better. If I had but a nice, airy room at the Hold—if I could lie there without fear and be waited on—I might get better then. Aunt Edith, I wish the past few weeks could be blotted out! I wish I had not been overtaken by that fit of madness."

Ah! he could not wish it as she did. Her tear silently fell on his hollow cheeks, and she began in the desperate need to debate in her own heart whether that, which they had deemed impossible, might not be accomplished—the disarming the anger of Mr. Chittaway, and getting him to pardon Rupert. In that case only could he be brought home to the Hold, or moved from where he was. Perhaps—perhaps Diana might effect it? If she did not, no one could. As she thought of it utter hopelessness, there came to her recollection that recent letter from Connell & Connell, which had so upset the equanimity of Mr. Chittaway. She had not yet spoken of it to Rupert, but she mentioned it now. Her private opinion was that Rupert must have written to the London lawyers for the purpose of vexing Mr. Chittaway.

"It is not right, Rupert dear," she whispered. "It cannot do you any good, but harm. If it does no other harm, it will increase Mr. Chittaway's angry feeling towards you. Indeed, Rupert, it was wrong."

He looked up in surprise from his pillow of weakness.

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Edith. Connell & Connell? What should I do writing to Connell & Connell?"

In returning that evening it had struck Mr. Chittaway as he passed the lodge that he could not do better than favor old Canham with a piece of his mind, and forbid him, under pain of being instantly dismasted and discarded, to rob the Hold (it was so he phrased it) of so much as a scrap of bread. Old Canham, knowing what there was at stake, took it patiently, never denying that the beef (which Mr. Chittaway enlarged upon) might have been meant for him. Ann Canham stood on the upright staircase, against the closed chamber of Rupert, shivering and shaking: and poor Rupert himself, who had not failed to hear and recognize that loud voice, lay as one in an agony.

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"They'd better have written to say I was going to take possession of the grave," he resumed; "there'd be more sense in that. Perhaps I am, Aunt Edith."

"Madam knows the young ladies like it, and she told me to make them some," good-natured spoke up Rebecca from the midst of her pain.

The excuse served, and the surprise passed. Miss Diana privately thought what a poor housekeeper her sister would make, ordering things when they were not required, and Mr. Chittaway quitted the scene. When the doctor arrived and had attended to the patient, Mrs. Chittaway, who was then in her room, sent to request him to come up to her before he left, adding to the message that she did not feel well.

He came up immediately. She put a question or two about the injury to the girl, which was not great, he answered, and would not keep her a prisoner long; and then Mrs. Chittaway lowered her voice, and spoke in the softest whisper.

"Mr. King, you must tell me. Is not Rupert worse?"

"He is very ill," was the answer. "He certainly gets worse instead of better."

"Will he die?"

"Well, I do believe he will die, unless he can get out of that wretched place of a place. The question is, how is it to be done?"

"It cannot be done, Mr. King; it cannot be done unless Mr. Chittaway can be privy-privileged. That is the only chance."

"Mr. Chittaway never will," thought Mr. King in his heart. "Everything is against him where he is," he said aloud; "the bad air of the room, the perpetual fear that is upon him, the want of hot and regular food. The provisions answered to him at these times, eaten cold as they mostly have to be, are but a poor substitute for the hot meals he requires."

"And they will be stopped now," said Mrs. Chittaway. "Rebecca has cooked them for me in private, but she cannot do it now. Mr. King, what can be done?"

"I don't know, indeed. It will not be safe to attempt to move him. Indeed I question if he would consent to it, his dread of being discovered is so great."

"You will do all you can?" she urged.

"To be sure," he replied. "I am doing all I can. I got him another bottle of port wine in to-day. If you only saw me trying to dodge into the house unperceived, and taking my observations before I whisk out, you'd not say but I am as anxious as you can be, my dear lady. Still—I don't hesitate to avow it—it will be I believe, life or death, according as we can manage to get him away from that hole he's lying in, and to set his mind at rest."

He wished her good-night, and went out. "Life or death!" Mrs. Chittaway stood at the window, and gazed for at the dusky night, recalling over and over again the words to her heart. "Life or death!" There was no earthly chance, save the remote one of appealing to Mr. Chittaway.

(to be continued.)

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT 5, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We can not undertake to return rejected communications.

### JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broadsheets, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POETRY.—If our poetical friends would send shorter poems, their chances for insertion would be greatly improved. It is only occasionally we can find room for long pieces.

### OUR CIVILIZATION.

We generally regard the nations of Europe as standing the highest on the scale of Civilization. After ourselves, of course,—a reservation which modesty and patriotism unite in making—England, perhaps, comes nearest to being considered an example of the highest civilization to which mankind has attained.

But of the character of this civilization, much might be said to its disadvantage. And one fact alone may be adduced, sufficient to throw great discredit upon the boasted advancement of the nineteenth century. That fact is simply the statement that of all the children born in England and Wales, four out of ten die before they are one year old.

Certainly this is not the natural order of things. It is not an evidence that the people of England are living as the Creator intended men and women should live. It is, on the other hand, a proof of

## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,  
1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

## Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

Mr. John R. Green, an agent of the Sanitary Commission, now specially commissioned to labor for the W. P. B., is making a tour of some of the counties of our state. His object is to address the people on the subject of the Commission and its workings; also to organize Aid Societies in places where none exist. We commend him to the kind attention of our Contributing Societies. Should a visit from him be desired at any place, as likely to promote the interests of the Commission, a note addressed to our rooms will insure it. This notice of his should have appeared in last week's Post as introductory to his first report. Below we give his second report, which is just received.

To the Executive Committee of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch.

New Bloomsburg, Perry Co., Aug. 25th, 1863.

*Ladies:*—It gives me pleasure to report further progress. On my way to visit the hospitals at Gettysburg, I left the train at Carlisle to make arrangements for an address on my return, was just in time to be present at the organization of an Aid Society, which from its thorough structure promises fine practical results. All the clergy are interested; Rev. Mr. Clerc is President, and Prof. Hillman Secretary.

At Chambersburg I found active and efficient workers in Mrs. Nixon and Mrs. Flock; made arrangements for an address there on my return from Gettysburg, on the 29th. In consequence of a break down in the stage on its way to Gettysburg, it was impossible to reach Chambersburg in time for an address. I trust the noble workers there will accept this explanation for my non-appearance. Had I not had appointments at other places, I would have remained longer in Chambersburg and lectured there, but circumstances forbade.

At Carlisle, a meeting was called in the Court-House. Owing to some misunderstanding about the time, sufficient notice was not given, consequently the gathering was not very numerous, but those present seemed to have a lively interest in the good work. Committees are at work to secure "ways and means," and others on organizations to awaken an interest in neighboring places. If Carlisle is not heard from in good earnest, then all signs fail.

I arrived here at New Bloomfield, on the afternoon of Saturday 23rd, after a ride of six miles on the top of a stage, with the mercury uncomfortably above 90.

In the Rev. Messrs. Craig, Fought, and Riddle, I found willing helpers. A notice was read in the various churches, of a meeting to be held in the Presbyterian church, which was kindly offered for the purpose; and last evening, according to announcement, I addressed a fair audience, I am glad to say principally composed of the fair sex. They seemed to be interested, if we can judge from results, for an organization was effected on the spot. Mrs. Spangler, President, and Miss Anna Peel, Secretary. It was announced to the meeting, by the Rev. Mr. Craig, that a collection would be taken up next Sunday in the Presbyterian church, for the benefit of the "Soldiers' Aid Society, of New Bloomfield."

In justice to the ladies here, it ought to be said that they have not hitherto been unkindly of the sufferings and wants of the soldiers, they have had a society before, but like many others through the country, the interest has gone down. Let us hope that it has received new life, and will continue to minister, according to its measure of ability, to the urgent necessities of our noble brothers, until foul treason shall be no more.

I have the honor to be yours in the good cause,

John B. GREEN.

We give our readers the perusal of a letter taken from a box received a few days since. The box came from a great distance, indeed—Waukesha County, Wisconsin!—We have little doubt that we are indebted to some stray copy of THE POST for its direction to our rooms in this city. From the tone of the letter, it is evident that Wisconsin has daughters as loyal and true-hearted as her sons are brave,—and we have seen some noble, heroic men from Wisconsin in our Philadelphia Hospitals:

To THE WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

"Whoever may open this box, will please send a few lines in the enclosed envelope, informing us of its safe arrival. You will thus confer a favor on loyal hearts who are surrounded by copperheads, who denounce us and our efforts, and say everything to deride what little we can do. Our little society of a dozen members has given sons, husbands, brothers to the war for our country's liberties, and with them and their dear lives, we desire to add this little mite to aid your noble endeavor. If we have neglected anything, we wish you would tell us, as willing hearts and working hands intend to try for another box this autumn. May God bless your noble Sanitary Commission."

[Note.—The Post has a number of subscribers in Waukesha County.—Ed. Post.]

To the Sanitary Commission collectors of the Cleveland Leader, we are indebted for many articles which sometimes are unacknowledged. In the issue of Aug. 6th, owing to this unintentional neglect, we give ourselves the credit of supplying Rosecrans's army with "something like five tons of cloth and bandages," while, in reality, it was the Cleveland Branch, who relieved the pressing wants of our wounded after the battle of Stone River by these articles, which Government does not supply in sufficient quantities.

We have heard of some touching offering, for our wounded soldiers from little children, and from those who, like the widow mentioned in Scripture, could not withhold their mites. One sent all the dried cherries that she had prepared for family use. Another, with arduous house duties, dried her choicest fruit and sent it to us. When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, will He not say to such, "In as much as ye have done this unto one of the least of My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

We have also shown a letter sent to one of our Associate Managers, from which we copy a few lines as showing the spirit with which some, new to the work, enter into it:

"I write to inform you of our success in forming a 'soldiers' aid' in this place. We have 33 members. They all seem to commence the work with energy, and a determination to do something for the cause we have so long neglected. We have for some time felt it to be our duty to do something for our suffering soldiers; but knowing the loss and the misuse of the articles sent by private boxes, we have remained silent. But your timely letter and papers have opened a way for us; and we feel under great obligations to you for giving us the opportunity of thriving in our mile for the holy cause."

We shall watch with peculiar interest the progress of the Clifford Soldiers' Aid. We add another recipe for blackberry syrup:

Take two quarts of blackberry juice, half an ounce each of powdered nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and cloves, and one pound of loaf sugar. Boil them together for a short time to get the strength of the spices. While still warm add a quart of good brandy.

## DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:

Boxes omitted in previously published lists:

1 barrel from Gwynedd Ladies' Aid Society, July 15th.

1 box of pickles from Aid Society, Coventry, July 26th, Mrs. O. Walts, Sec'y.

1 box from West Auburn Aid Society, Susquehanna co., Aug. 5, Mrs. M. C. Lacey, Sec'y.

1 bag marked M. Bevan, Aug. 15.

1 bag, unknown.

1 box, unknown.

1 box from Soldiers' Aid, New Milford.

2 pkgs. from St. Luke's Aux. Society, Aug. 14th, Mrs. James, Sec'y.

1 box from DeLong's Congregation, Bower's Station, Berks County.

1 box, 1 kg. and 1 barrel from Ladies' Aid, Reading, Miss. J. G. Grinnell, Sec'y.

1 pkg. Rev. H. H. Weld, Montebello, N. J.

1 pkg. Ladies' Aid Society, Columbus, N. J.

2 boxes Ladies' Union Aid, Upper Darby.

1 box, Soldiers' Relief Society, Lemons, Wyoming county, Mrs. J. L. Meeker, President.

2 pkgs. School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, President.

1 box, St. Thomas' Auxiliary Society, (colored) Mrs. Dorsey, Sec'y.

1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Tunkhannock, Mrs. A. E. Little, President.

1 box, Kennett Aid Society, Kennett Square, Chester county, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Sec'y.

1 box, Mrs. S. Stevens, Princeton, N. J.

1 box, Aid Soc'y, McPherson, Wyoming co.

1 box, Ladies' Aid, Morrisstown, N. J.

1 box, Ladies' Aid, Plaistow, Bucks county, A. R. Trogo.

8 boxes, I denbigh, 1 jug, Ladies' Aid, Danville, Miss. M. A. Montgomery, Sec'y.

1 box, (No. 1) Soldiers' Aid Society, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

1 pkg. Soldiers' Aid Society, Tioga and Mill Creek, Miss. S. M. Guernsey, Sec'y.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Dimock, Susquehanna county, Miss Walker, Sec'y.

1 box, Aid Society, N. and E. Coventry near Pottstown, Mrs. Oliver Wells, Sec'y.

1 barrel, 1 tub from Soldiers' Aid Society, Forest Lake, Mrs. M. B. Wright, Sec'y.

1 pkg., friend.

1 box, friend.

1 box, 1 pkg., 1 bag, Soldiers' Aid, Church of our Saviour, Mrs. Goddess, Sec'y.

2 pkgs., a lady of Pittsburgh.

1 barrel, Whitpain Aid Society, Centre Square, Montgomery county, Miss B. A. Conard, Sec'y.

1 box, Miss E. P. Wilson, Belvidere, N. J.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Cherry Flat, Tioga county.

3 pkgs., Women's Contributing Aid, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y.

1 box, General Aid Society, Trenton, N. J., Miss S. H. Johnston, Sec'y.

1 box, Miss. A. K. Burton, Sec'y.

Mrs. H. D. Burton, Sec'y.

1 box, Ladies' Aid Society, Pittston, Luzerne county, Mrs. N. T. Robertson, Sec'y.

1 box, Soldiers' Aid Association, Mauch Chunk, Carbon county, Mrs. Bullock, Sec'y.

An old Aberdeen used to say, in summing up all the disastrous changes of modern times, "Even the ladies in the schools now have their pocket-hankiechers."

An insatiable lover must have been Catullus, a Roman poet, who was asked by Lesbia how many of her kisses would satisfy him, and replied, "As many as there are sands in the deserts, or stars in the Heavens."

Quip is of opinion that there are no "good grounds" for the "wry faces over which some people make now-a-days over what they are accustomed to call their "coffee."

Gravitation is the outspread hand of God forcing all things into their places, and keeping them there.

## SHOPPING VS. MATRIMONY.

Dear Friends—  
I am writing to you from the

WATERFORD, PA., Sept. 1st.

WARNING TO LADIES.

—Why did you never think of marriage?"

said I of my friend Lyman Robbins who,

in some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor.

"I have thought of it," said he.

"Well, why didn't you marry, then?"

"I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?"

"Yes; he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?"

"Something as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife before she was married, do you understand?"

"Oh!" said I, growing interested. "And why didn't you?"

"You shall know. I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society, and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I was quite sure that she was aware of my feelings towards her. Our feelings were becoming intimate, we were on the same footing and she treated me in much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin."

"Do you think," I inquired, "that she was in love with you?"

"No," said he; "I never thought that I presume, however, she would have liked to have lured me on to a declaration, and then would have acted as fancy dictated. One day, when I had a morning call and was retiring, she told me she was going out shopping and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my mind, and not being averse to the proposal myself, I signed it for a particular use in His Church. Your relations to your fellow men are peculiar to yourself, and over some make some little group or circle of moral beings—you can wield an influence which is given to no other man to wield. Your place and lot in life, too, is one which has been assigned to you alone. For no other has the same part been cast. On your particular path no other footprint shall ever leave their print. Through that one course, winding or straight, rapid or slow, brief or long protracted, in no other course shall the stream of life flow on to the great ocean.—And so to you it is given to shed blessings around you, to do good to others, to communicate, as you pass through life, to those whose moral history borders or crosses yours, a heavenly influencer, which is all your own. If this power be not used by you, it will never be used. There is work in God's Church which, if not done by you, will be left undone."

But I have little to buy," said my companion. "You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry."

We made our first visit to a dry goods establishment.

"Have you any lace collars?" inquired Caroline. A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars in price, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars, with which, being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied and decided to take it.

"I suppose," said she on going out, "that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation."

A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention.

"I must certainly go in and look at their shawls," said she, "I never saw any precisely like them."

"New kind?" said she to the clerk.

"Yes, Miss, just imported from France; warranted to surpass in firmness of texture and durability any now extant. Will you have one?"

"The price?"

"Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that."

Caroline was startled at this announcement.

"That is high," said she.

"Not for the quality. Just feel of it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive."

I did not think of getting one to-day; however, I think I must. You may charge it to my father. I suppose father will scold," said Caroline; "but it's such a beauty."

We reached ere long another dry goods store, the placard of which, "selling off at cost," proved so seductive that we at once stayed on our steps and entered. Caroline rushed to examine the silks; the first specimen offered, which, to my unpracticed eye, seemed of a superior quality, was cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard.

After a while she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done, and the bundle handed to me. The bill, of course,

was sent to her father.

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## THE Dying SOLDIER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Tell me on your word, Dick Dale,  
My sentiments old and true,  
And let me of the glad words take  
One last and lingering kiss.  
When yet a few brief moments more  
Of this dying hour have fled,  
Till I find an old friend's home, Dick Dale,  
Above your common dead."

"We've fought together, side by side,  
In many a bloody day,  
From Merton Hill's dark hour of strife,  
To St. George's day.  
And when again the "long roll" calls  
For battle to prepare,  
You will not fall theagg, Dick Dale,  
But I shall not be there."

You will not soon forget me, Dick!  
I know it by that sigh:  
I knew it by those tears which shine  
In your half-closed eye.  
But my dear old comrade's heart will swell,  
I know with honest pride,  
When he thinks that for the grand old sag  
His old companion died.

Out of this light brown lock, Dick Dale,  
For the girl who waits at home;  
You hoping waits her soldier love,  
Who never more can come.  
Twill soothe perhaps her bleeding heart,  
To know that watched by you,  
The boy she loved at least has died  
With one who loved him too.

You'll visit all the quaint old nooks  
We sought when we were boys,  
And thoughts of us will come, Dick Dale,  
With thoughts of childhood's joys;  
And when you reach the old play-ground  
Where once we used to play,  
You'll not forget your friend, Dick Dale,  
In his lone grave far away.

## ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD,"  
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A BRIEF TRIUMPH.

Eleanor Monckton's first impulse was to rush into the room and denounce Launcelot Darrell in the presence of those who would be sure to come in answer to her call. He would be scarcely likely to find much mercy at the hands of his aunts; he would stand before them a detected wretch, capable of any crime, of any treachery, for the furtherance of his own interest.

But a second impulse, as rapid as the first, restrained the impulsive girl. She wanted to know the end, she wanted to see what these two plotters would do next. Under the influence of her desire to rush into the room, she had moved forward a few paces, rustling the leaves about her as she stirred. The Frenchman's acute hearing had detected that rustling sound.

"Quick, quick," he whispered; "take the keys back, there is some one in the garden."

Launcelot Darrell had risen from his knees. The door between the study and the dressing-room had been left open; the young man pushed it open, and hurried away with the keys in his hand. Victor Bourdon closed his lantern, and came to the window. He thrust aside the venetian shutters, and stepped out into the garden. Eleanor crouched down with her back flat against the wall, completely sheltered by the laurel. The Frenchman commenced his search among the bushes on the right of the window. Eleanor's hiding place was on the left. This gave her a moment's breathing time.

"The will!" she thought in that one moment, "they have left the genuine will upon the chair by the cabinet. If I could get that!"

The thought had flashed like lightning through her brain. Reckless in her excitement, she rose from her crouching position, and slid rapidly and noiselessly across the threshold of the open window into the study, before Victor Bourdon had finished his examination of the shrubs on the right.

Her excitement seemed to intensify every sense. The only light in the room was a faint ray which came across the small intermediate chamber from the open door of Maurice de Crespigny's bedroom. This light was very little, but the open door was opposite the cabinet, and what light there was fell upon the very spot towards which Eleanor's dilated eyes looked. She could see the outline of the paper on the chair; she could see the other paper on the floor, faint and gray in the dim glimmer from the distant window.

She snatched the will from the chair, and thrust it into the pocket of her dress; she picked up the other paper from the floor, and placed it on the chair. Then, with her face and figure obscured in the loose cloak that sheltered her, she went back into the garden.

As she drew back into the shelter of the bushes she felt a man's garments brushing against her own, and a man's hot breath upon her cheek. The Frenchman had passed her so closely that it was almost impossible he could have failed to perceive her presence; and yet he had seemed entirely unconscious of it.

Launcelot Darrell came back to the study about the instant after Maurice had left it. He was breathing quickly, and stopped to wipe his forehead once more with his handkerchief.

"Bourdon!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, "Bourdon, where are you?"

The Frenchman crossed the threshold of the window as the young man called to him.

"I have been on the look-out for spies," he said.

"Have you seen any one?"

"No; I fancy it was a false alarm."

"Come, then," said Launcelot Darrell, "we have been luckier than I thought we should be."

"Hadn't you better unlock that door before we leave?" asked Monsieur Bourdon, pointing to the door which communicated with the other part of the house. Launcelot had locked it on first entering the study, and had thus secured himself from any surprise in that direction. The two men were going away when Monsieur Bourdon stopped suddenly.

"You've forgotten something, my friend," he whispered, laying his hand on Launcelot's shoulder.

"What?"

"The will, the genuine will," answered the Frenchman, pointing to the chair. "It would be a clever thing to leave that behind, eh?"

Launcelot started, and put his hand to his forehead.

"I must be mad," he muttered; "this business is too much for my brain. Why did you lead me into it, Bourdon? Are you the Devil, that you must always prompt me to some new mischief?"

"You shall ask me that next week, my friend, when you are the master of this house. Get that paper there, and come away: unless you want to stop till your maiden aunt makes her appearance."

Launcelot Darrell snatched up the paper which Eleanor had put upon the chair by the cabinet. He was going to thrust it into his breast-pocket, when the Frenchman took it away from him.

"You don't particularly want to keep that document; or to drop it anywhere about the garden; do you? We'll burn it, if it's all the same to you, and save them all trouble at—what you call your law court—Common doctors, Proctor's Commons, eh?"

Maurice Bourdon had put his bull's-eye lantern in his coat-pocket, after looking for spies among the evergreens. He now produced a box of fuses, and setting one of them alight, watched it fizz and sparkle for a moment, and then held it beneath the corner of the document in his left hand.

The paper was slow to catch fire, and Maurice Bourdon had occasion to light another fuse before he succeeded in doing more than scorching it. But it blazed up by-and-by, and by the light of the blaze Eleanor Monckton saw the eager faces of the two men. Launcelot Darrell's livid countenance was almost like that of a man who looks on at an assassination. The commercial traveller watched the slow burning of the document with a smile upon his face—a smile of triumph, as it seemed to Eleanor Monckton.

It was impossible to imagine anything more despicable than this young man's aspect. Hating himself for what he had done; hating the man who had prompted him to do it; hating against the very workings of Providence—since by his reasoning it was Providence, or his Destiny, or some power or other against which he had ample ground for rebellion, that had caused all the mischief and dishonor of his life—he went unwillingly to act out the part which he had taken upon himself, and to do his best to throw Maurice Monckton off the scent.

His mind was too much disturbed for him to be able clearly to realize the danger of his position. To have been seen there was ruin—perhaps! If by-and-by any doubts should arise as to the validity of the will that would be found in Maurice de Crespigny's *secretaria*, would it not be remembered that he, Launcelot Darrell, had been seen lurking about the house on the night of the old man's death, and had been only able to give a very lame explanation of his motives for being there. He thought of this as he walked by his aunt's side. He thought of this, and began to wonder if it might not be possible to undo what had been done? No, it was impossible. The crime had been committed. A step had been taken which could never be retraced, for Victor Bourdon had burned the real will.

"Curse his officiousness," thought the young man. "I could have undone it all but for that."

As the lawyer and his two companions reached the angle of the house on their way to the front entrance, whence Mr. Monckton and Miss de Crespigny had come into the garden, a dark figure, shrouded in a loose cloak, emerged from amidst the shrubs by the windows of the dead man's apartment, and approached them.

"Who is that?" cried the lawyer, suddenly.

His heart began to beat violently as he asked the question. It was quite a supererogatory question; for he knew well enough that it was his wife who stood before him.

"It is I, Gilbert," Eleanor said, quietly.

"You here, Mr. Monckton!" exclaimed her husband, in a harsh voice, that seemed to ring through the air like the vibration of metal that has been struck—"you have,

by degrees before Gilbert Monckton perceived him.

Monsieur Bourdon, perhaps latter accustomed to take to his heels, had been more fortunate, and had plunged in amongst the evergreens at the first sound of the lawyer's voice.

"Darrell!" cried Mr. Monckton, "what in Heaven's name brings you here?"

The young man stood for a few moments, irresolute, and sulky-looking.

"I've as good a right to be here as any one else, I suppose," he said. "I heard of my uncle's death—and—I came to ascertain if there was any truth in the report."

"You heard of my beloved uncle's death?" cried Miss Sarah de Crespigny, pausing sharply at her nephew from under the shadow of a penthouse-like garden hood, in which she had invested herself before venturing into the night-air. "How could you have heard of the sad event? My sister and I gave special orders that no report should go abroad until to-morrow morning."

Mr. Darrell did not care to say that one of the Woodlands servants was in his pay; and that the same servant, being no other than Brooks the gardener, had galloped over to Hazelwood, to communicate the tidings of his master's death, before starting for Windsor.

"I did hear of it," Launcelot said, "and that's enough. I came to ascertain if it was true."

"But you were going away from the house when I saw you," said Mr. Monckton, rather suspiciously.

"I was not going away from the house, for I had not been to the house," Launcelot answered, in the same tone as before.

He spoke in a sulky, grudging manner, because he knew that he was telling a deliberate lie. He was a man who always did wrong acts under protest, as being forced to do them by the injustice of the world; and he held society responsible for all his errors.

"Have you seen my wife?" Gilbert asked, still suspiciously.

"No. I have only this moment come. I have not seen anybody."

"I must have missed her," muttered the lawyer, with an anxious air. "I must have missed her between this and Tollidale. Nobody saw her leave the house. She went out without leaving any message, and I guessed at once that she had come up here. It's very odd."

"It is very odd!" Miss Sarah repeated, with spiteful emphasis. "I must confess that for my own part I do not see what motive Mrs. Monckton could have had for rushing up here in the dead of the night."

The time which Miss Sarah de Crespigny spoke of as the dead of the night had been something between ten and eleven o'clock. It was now past eleven.

The lawyer and Miss de Crespigny walked slowly along the gravelled pathway that led from the grass plat and shrubbery to the other side of the house. Launcelot Darrell went with them, lounging by his aunt's side, with his head down, and his hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to kick the pebbles from his pathway.

It was very odd!

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"My wife is rich enough to be above any suspicion of that kind," Miss de Creppigay.

"I came too late," Eleanor said; "I came too late to see my father's friend, but not too late for what I have so long prayed for—revenge upon my father's destroyer. Look at your sister's son, Miss de Creppigay. Look at him, Miss Levin; you have good reason to be proud of him. He has been a liar and a traitor from first to last; and to-night he has advanced from treachery to crime. The law could not punish him for the cruelty that killed a helpless old man; the law can punish him for that which he has done to night; for he has committed a crime."

"A crime!"

"Yes. He has crept like a thief into the house in which his uncle lies dead, and has introduced some documents—a will of his own fabrication, no doubt—in the place of the genuine will left in Mr. de Creppigay's private secretary."

"How do you know this, Eleanor?" cried Gilbert Moscovitch.

"I know it because I was outside the window of the study when he changed the papers in the cabinet, and because I have the real will in my possession."

"It is a lie!" shouted Lancelot Darrell, starting to his feet, "a damnable lie, the real will!"

"Was burnt, as you think, Mr. Darrell; but you are mistaken. The document which your friend Monsieur Victor Bourdon burnt was a paper which you dropped out of the secretary while you were searching for the will."

"And where is the genuine document, Eleanor?" Gilbert asked.

"Here," answered his wife, triumphantly. She put her hand into her pocket. It was empty. The will was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SITTING ON THE SHORE.

The tide has ebb'd away!  
No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,  
Nor swaying amidst seaweed false that mocks  
The hues of garden gray;  
No laugh of little wavelets at their play;  
No lucid pools reflecting Heaven's clear brow—  
Both storms and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit gray and lone;  
The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry,  
That not a tide might ever sweep by,  
Stirring it with rude roar;

Only some weedy fragments idly thrown  
To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been;

But Desolation's self has grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,  
And the broad ocean widens out,  
All sunshine; wheeling round and round about  
Seaward, a white bird flies;  
A bird? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes  
A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea  
Calling—"Come thou where all we glad souls  
be."

Oh life, oh silent shore,  
Where we sit patient; oh, great sea beyond,  
To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,  
But sorrowful no more;

But little while, and then we too shall soar  
Like white-wing'd sea-birds in the infinite Deep;

Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.

MRS. MULOCK.

### OPALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY HARRIS BYRNE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Sitting by the west window I slipped the ring from my finger and held it up to the waning light. A minute before the opals had been mere dull concretions, lustreless and opaque, now how they glowed and scintillated, purple, rose and amber flashing against seas of distant flame as if the hues of a thousand sunsets had been caught and imprisoned in each frail stone.

Richard Adreon must have had a dim perception of their similitude to himself when he gave them to me; opals are splendidly fickle. I half shuddered at the time—not for that, but remembering the ancient superstition how they bring pain and sorrow to the wearer. Was it this ailed me? I smiled at the idea, and replacing the ring on my finger, fell to thinking.

Spring always impresses me with a vague sense of unrest and weariness. In the early months, after the last snow has fallen, and before the buds begin to burst and the trees to blossom, when perchance there comes a day whose soft breath bespeaks it herald of the far-off summer, it seems to me as if the flower roots and bulbs must turn uneasily in the moist, dark earth, half swooning for light and air, and with faint passionate longings that reach up to the outer world. So we, impelled to newer aspirations by the life-giving forces at work about us, grope blindly for that higher light into whose broad effulgence our souls shall blossom only when the sods are heaped over our grave.

This season the feeling had deepened into positive pain. A nameless fear was haunting me; a fear whose shadow dimmed the sunshine, checked the bounding pulses of youth, and pervaded all sweet sights and

sounds of the awakening year with listlessness.

"I stepped through the low window and stood upon the veranda, the blood for one instant flowing in quicker currents to my heart. It was not the one I expected, certainly not the one I would rather have seen, still I liked Philip St. John. At one time we had been something more than mere friends. Not that I had ever looked upon him in the light of a lover, or that he had stirred any depths of passion in my heart. There are some friendships that without being at all like love, fall just short of it,—call it Platonic affection, anything you will, so long as you acknowledge the existence of the fact,—and such was this. After I met Philip's friend—Richard Adreon—there was a change in his manner toward me; no special word or act set in looking back memory could catch up; but an impalpable coolness had grown up between us, a coolness that was felt rather than understood. Perhaps he was afraid that a continuation of the old relations would affect Richard unpleasantly. Perhaps—but it is no matter what I afterwards thought. So it was that we had not met before for a long time. His greeting had something of the old cordiality that set me at my ease. I brought him a match with which to light the gas, and as the flame flared in my face, he gazed at me with those eyes of his—eyes that had a peculiar introverted look which baffled scrutiny,—and remarked:

"You are looking pale."

"Am I?" I answered.

This somewhat laconic greeting brought silence in its train. Vexed at his steady gaze I turned half aside. I knew that he was reading my heart page by page, leaf by leaf, but though the knowledge gave me a slight annoyance the feeling went no further. Philip St. John was not the man to reveal either your secrets or his own; he was one of those manly, magnanimous natures you feel instinctively you can rely on, so I let him read on without fear—and because I could not help it.

Just now a change of any kind seemed desirable and it came.

The letter was from Hugh, and contained an urgent invitation for me to make my home with him for a time at least.

"Lucy," he said, "was very lonely, and he was obliged to be away on business most of the week. They would try and make it as pleasant as possible for me, wouldn't I come?"

I passed the letter to John, and sat absentmindedly gazing through miles on the dear face at Wood Lawn, until roused by the question,

"Shall you go, or will it be too quiet for you there?"

"I think I must," I answered, "Lucy would be hurt if I refused, besides, it's the old story of La Fontaine's rat, I'm tired of the world, and want to get back to my cheese."

John laughed.

The next moment his wife and I were deep in a discussion concerning the relative merits of various articles of spring and summer wear, Fan producing her tablets, lest any item should be forgotten, and lamenting all the while that I had such a short time in which to prepare. This was Wednesday night, and Hugh was to meet me in Baltimore on the following Monday.

John looked on helplessly and said,

"Why all she needs is a couple of calico dresses and a few books."

This assertion brought such a storm of laughter and good-natured sarcasm about his ears, that he was glad to entrench himself behind his whiskers and the evening paper.

My feelings that night were of rather a mixed description, that soon resolved themselves into two queries,—what will Richard say?—how will Richard feel?

The next morning early Fan and I started out upon a shopping expedition. After that I had some calls to make and she left me.

The last one was on Madeline Livingston.

She expressed neither surprise nor sorrow at the news of my intended departure, merely laughed one of her little sarcastic laughs, and said:

"Why, child, you'll die of ennui in that wilderness."

And he commenced singing a tender, dreamy German ballad—Ich bin Dein—full of infinite pathos and melancholy. He had an excellent tenor voice, and sang with ease and effectiveness. I sat entranced.

Suddenly something seemed to sadden him, he struck a false chord, rose abruptly, and took his hat and gloves to go. The beauty of the night tempted me to the gate with him; there he said,

"Shall you be at Miss Livingston's on Friday evening?"

"I expect to, if nothing happens."

"Let me come for you, it will seem like old times"—his voice had a regretful tremor. I mused a moment.

"Richard and Madeline are not good friends, besides," and I sighed bitterly, "he has been so very busy lately, he will hardly have time to go"—this to myself, then I added aloud,

"Yes, you may come."

"Good-bye."

I held out my hand, he took it an instant, then flung it from him almost fiercely.

"Why, Philip," I began, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing; forgive me," he said, hoarsely, then added, in a light tone—"Your opals burn me that's all. Good-night," and he strode rapidly down the street.

It was early yet, so I returned to the parlor, and drawl thither by the odor of the violets, took the volume of Burns from the table and commenced looking over it. Rather abstractedly, it must be confessed, for my thoughts were running on the strange conduct of my friend, rather than the contents of the book before me. A verse with a faint pencilling beneath it caught my attention. It was the only pencil mark in the book, therefore I noted it.

I don't know whether marked passages attract every one in a similar manner. I never underscored a line unless it vibrates directly on some intimate chord of my heart. Hence it is that in reading what others have marked, I become possessed of a guilty feeling, as of a confidence forced upon me without the knowledge of the owner; accidentally it is true, but one which I have no business to meddle with.

The verse was—

"Although thou man never be mine,  
Although even hope is denied,  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
Than eight in the world beside."

I closed the book abruptly. If Philip St. John had a secret, it was not for me to know it.

The next evening at tea John handed me a letter, saying—

"It has the St. Imagoes post-mark; from Hugh, I think."

Hugh was my eldest brother and a lawyer. He lived near a little, aristocratic, out-of-the-way town in the lower part of Maryland; on the old homestead which had been in the Randolph family from time immemorial.

The place was my childhood's home, but after my parents died I grew tired of its quietness. So, although Hugh was my favorite,—he was stately and kind, and understood me better than John did—I chose to live with the latter amid the excitement of the great city.

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"Oh! it is you, Mr. Adreon; pardon me, I thought it was St. John; where is he?"

He took no notice of my altered manner, and answered,

"I told him I would wait for you, oh!

"don't go down yet,"—I was passing to the head of the stairs—"I want to talk to you."

Who does not know the magic power of a beloved voice? I paused mechanically, and allowed him to lead me to a rustic sofa in the hall.

"Until death do us part."

One long kiss of passionate love and sorrow, and I was alone.

"What is this about you going away?" he had heard it, then,—"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," I answered, drearily.—"Six months, a year,—perhaps I'll die there," for just at that moment I felt as if the latter event would make no material difference to any one, least of all to the little figure beside me.

"Oh, Ethel!" there were tears in his voice.

After that no language was spoken save the mute one of eye and lip, yet a forgiveness was asked; a forgiveness granted, the coldness and estrangement of the past weeks forgotten, the doubts dead.

Philip met us in the lower hall, and we entered the room together just as the band was striking up the Lancashire Madeline had time to whisper a scolding behind her fan for coming so late; then she eyed me with an acute glance and said:

"What, all you? the other day you were a drooping snow-drop; now something has transformed you into a heart-sore." I smiled back an answer, a smile of measureless content. She understood it. The next moment we had taken our places for the dance.

No one knew that Richard held my promise to be his wife save Philip and Miss Livingston; and as it was not expedient that the engagement should be published just yet, he seldom devoted himself in company to me in particular.

This night was no exception to the rule, but whenever I went his tender eyes followed me, and their glances struck mine with a look of appealing that went straight to my heart.

Once, as tired and heated with the exertion of dancing, I stood in the embrasure of a window, concealed from view by folds of drapery, he came beside me exclaiming passionately,

"Oh! my darling, don't leave me, I cannot bear the thoughts of parting." And I—my heart throbbed with a wild excess of joy, I said,

"He is mine, he is mine, what though a few days will find us hundreds of miles apart. Life is long, and love eternal, and the

You have been sick. One day I received a note from him.

"My duty—There will be half a dozen of us at home on Thursday night. You must be here and come. M. L."

"P. S.—Mr. Adreon will be here, but not till late, so Philip & John will set the part of your 'earlier visitors.' Adreon. M."

I turned over the note a long while. It was written, but I did not know at the time of it. "Richard cannot accompany me," I said, "I should think he might inform me of it himself rather than have it to Miss Livingston."

On Thursday I had a headache, and felt very little like going anywhere, but I thought it would be a pity to disappoint Philip, so towards night I dragged myself from the lounge and commenced dressing.

I drew my hair plaitly off my face, and put on an old-colored silk gathered at the throat and wrists with ruffles of lace. No ribbon, nor flower, nor pin did I wear, nothing but the opal flashing softly on my head. After I had dressed I flared up the jets of gas on either side of the dressing-table and took a survey of myself.

I was very white, with purple disks under my eyes, but my hair looked well, and my dress was becoming.

"Fine!" thought I, "only I look as if I was going to my grave with these cheeks," and I rubbed them violently with my handkerchief.

"There, you have color enough," said Fox behind me. "Philip's down stairs, so don't keep him waiting."

When we entered Madeline's parlor she came towards us, exclaiming,

"Alice and sack cloth, Mrs. Randolph! do you intend taking the veil?"

"I have a notice to that effect," I replied.

"Well, some other time will do, I beg of you don't go through the ceremony to-night. Come here."

She drew me toward a side table, and rubbing a vase of half its floral treasures, dropped flowers in my hair and twined them at my throat, and massed them with tuberoses in my belt, and then giving me a gentle push, said,

"There, you look quite presentable, now go and amuse yourself, or be amused."

I obeyed meekly. Went and sat down in the corner by Mrs. Livingston. She was a very old lady and a very good one. I think if she had one specialty it was a means for attending funerals. She entertained me with an account of the last she had been to. At another time I should perhaps have shuddered at the mournful recital, but at that moment I was in a mood when glimpses of the unseen laid—"Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"—were rather pleasant than otherwise, and I listened interestedly.

She was just saying,

"Yes, my dear, about your age, it seemed a sad pity; they do say she died of a broken heart; that—"

Philip's voice at my elbow asked,

"Etel, won't you lend me your opal ring a moment? Issy and I are having a geological discussion, and I want to illustrate a case in point."

I slipped it from my finger and handed it to him.

He returned presently with a face expressive of the utmost concern—

"I am afraid you will never forgive me for the accident that has happened to your gown, but we were merely examining them, when they came to pieces in my hand. See," and he held out the shining amber grains for my inspection.

"It's of no consequence," I said, but my heart gave a great bound, as I placed the frail circlet, despoiled of its beauty, on my finger.

"I thought they were getting loose, and went to the jewelers to have them fixed the other day. I suppose he must have injured them."

"Undoubtedly," said Philip, "I took the utmost care of them."

No more pleasure for me that night, I was impressed with a horrible, undefined anxiety. My opal gone, what next?

Madeline came to me during the latter part of the evening.

"We want to have some dancing; there's not enough of us to make up a set, and you're such a little Puritan you won't polka or waltz or do any of the round dances unless Mr. Adreon is here, and he hasn't come yet, so go and play for us, that's a done."

I complied, willingly enough; and after playing till the dancers were tired I would have risen, but a voice at my ear—Richard's, he had come in a few moments before—said,

"Don't get up yet, sing something. You know my favorite 'Had I met thee in thy beauty when my heart and hand were free'."

Philip was standing behind me. Richard and Madeline faced each other on opposite sides of the piano; the rest of the company were playing cards in the front parlor. After I had finished there was a dead silence for about a minute. I glanced up at the two within my range of vision and said,

"What makes you all so quiet? any one might think—" I stopped. Something in their faces startled me. They were both very pale. Even d'head was bent slightly forward, and he wore a look half eager, half

questioning, wholly apprehensive. Madeline's eyes were fixed to his, as if unwillingly, and with an expression of treasured tenderness, and surprise, and admiration in their misty depths.

I turned from one to the other, a new light gradually breaking upon me. Had I been blind before?

Philip bent over me, saying,

"You are ill, shivering. Come to the fire."

It was September, but the nights were cool, and a few coals burned in the grate.

Faint and dizzy I allowed him to lead me on an arm-chair by it, where he left me in quest of wine—Afterwards I remembered that his tones were low and husky, tender even; and that his eyes gleamed with the fire of an inward excitement.

Richard came over and stood opposite, and we looked at each other. There was no compassion in his gaze, nor any lingering tenderness, only a strange cold indifference. I knew quite as well then as I did years after, that whatever I had been to Richard Adreon—brothel wife and sometime idol of his sickle heart—I was no more to him now than the dust beneath his feet.

The revelation was a fearful one, but it induced me with a stony calmness, the calmness of despair. Quietly, scornfully, I drew a circlet from my finger, and breaking it into a thousand pieces flung them into the fire, saying:

"You are free."

He nodded and passed over to Madeline.

She put out her hand and he clasped it with a passionate gesture. There was no joy in her face and no triumph, only a deep chastened peace and restlessness. A gulf had been crossed—perhaps it was wrong for her to have bridged it, but she was over now, and there was no returning.

All this I read while they stood there ignoring or forgetting the white, crushed figure by the fire. The voices of the cards players came to me as from afar off; the faint odorous scent of the tuberoses ascended to my brain, and wrapped me about with a sickening vapor; and through it all I became conscious that Philip was begging me to drink the wine he had brought.

"Oh! Philip, let us go home," I said.

Madeline would have followed us, but I waved her back. Philip waited till I had found my wrappings, and we passed out into the dark, pitiless night together.

### CHAPTER III.

Richard Adreon was my idol—and I thought I must have died when he fell from the high place where my love had enthroned him. There is a deeper pain than the knowledge that we are strangers to those who were once ours only. It is to feel that we have built up for ourselves an image of clay, and having glorified it with virtues that existed only in our own imagination, have bowed down and worshiped it—a senseless clod.

There were his old letters to burn, some withered flowers to cast away—pale emblems of a love as dead—and his picture to return; then I put this man out of my heart for ever, and accepted the life that came to me. Not submissively, nor patiently—it is not in the nature of youth to be patient, it certainly was not in mine—but because I chose the latter course; partly because I was too proud to show that I was suffering,—only the two that I have mentioned knew of my engagement, so I was spared that mortification,—and too indifferent to care what people's opinions were. And partly because I loved excitement, as a drunkard loves wine, or the gambler his cards—it drowned pain.

So I walked and talked, danced and flirted, a little more recklessly than usual, and with no outward sign to indicate the insane heart that throbbed so nervelessly beneath blue eyes and smiling lips.

Philip was often with me, always thoughtful of my comfort, but neither cold nor kind, attentive nor indifferent.

A year passed away, and the half of another, then I fell ill. Nervous fever, the physician pronounced it, but John, in his wrath, gave it a new name, known as fashionable dissipation, late hours and night.

I think there comes a time in every one's life when the "smell of fresh earth is sweeter than violets," and the idea of death—not the grim, terrible reality, but death in the abstract, I mean, with its restfulness and peace—is very pleasant. It was to me, and I drifted slowly back to life and health with a vague feeling of annoyance.

It was during my convalescence that Philip St. John appeared in a new light. He ransacked hot-houses for the choicest flowers and most delicious fruits; read to me when my eyes ached, and sang when I was weary; and just as I began thoroughly to enjoy his society, and, in a manner, depend upon him for comfort and happiness, it was decided that I should be sent to the country to recuperate. So I went back to the old house by the river, feeling very much as if I had lost something out of my life, I hardly knew what.

Philip wrote to me; coldly at first, but gradually a tenderness crept into his letters, and I grew to understand that he loved me, and was waiting patiently for the time when I should return. My heart responded. I knew that I loved him fervently, with no girlish passion, and that the sorrow of by-gone years would haunt me no more forever.

Then he came to me. It was near the sunset of a June day. Swallows twittered under mossy eaves, and the Linden trees cast long, cool shadows on the waving grass.

I stood upon the porch, hearing in the far distance the click of hoofs, as a horseman galloped swiftly up the long avenue leading to the house.

Springing from the saddle, Philip drew me into the parlor, and clasped me to his heart as if he would hold me there forever. Kissing me, he said—

"My darling, my darling, I have waited so long."

I went with John to the Opera one night—Fan had a prior engagement—we were early, and he strolled out into the lobby for a few moments before the curtain arose.

A gentleman from the other side of the aisle came and stood beside me.

"Whom have we with us?" said Philip for it was he.

"Our brother," I replied laconically.

"Tame, with your permission," he said, seating himself, "I suppose I can sit here awhile without incurring the risk of being called out a day hence. Besides," he continued, in a confidential tone, half comic, half serious, "I've something pretty to show you, something I grant you to keep. Will you?"

He took from his pocket a small ivory box. In it was a handful of withered heart's-

"Ode depends. Let me see it."

He put into my hand a small tortoise-shell case, finger-worked, and silver mounted. I opened it curiously, not dreaming of its contents, and there, flashing full in my face from the purple cushion on which they rested, lay opals, scintillant, sickle, and fair to behold. I caught my breath as if a viper had stung me, and handing them back, said, playfully,

"Why, Philip, have you forgotten your legendary lore? Opals are ominous, and I'll none of them."

He took the case, silently, understanding all that my words implied, and an embarrassed pause ensued during which I swept the house slowly with my longs.

A slight stir in one of the private boxes attracted my attention. The crimson curtains parted and a lady and gentleman came forward and seated themselves.

The lady was Miss Livingston, radiant with youth and beauty, and with her—Richard Adreon. His presence smote me with a keen pain—the pain that all of us must feel when the unburied dead of our hearts sit past us in the crowded street, and eye us with cold scorn in public places; stinging us with the familiar brightness of a far-off joy, that can never again be ours.

Madeline glanced towards me, but I dropped my glass and turned away. I loved her, he had forgiven her, but it was impossible for me to have recognized her then.

A woman who is forsaken by the one in whom she trusted, and is left without faith in God or man, can do either of three things. She can give up the ghost in a quiet, heart-broken way; and after her death be extolled by tender-souled old ladies and sentimental young ones as a person of exquisite sensibility, who could not endure the harshness and cruelty of this cold world. Or she can glide through life pale and silent, be appointed mistress of a sewing circle, and secretary of a female mission; eventually marrying a minister with six children, a large library, and small means. Or she can become one of Society's most devoted votaries and be scouted by all as a vain, heartless coquette.

I believe I shall die in an unsettled state; For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?

You might easily find a more beautiful phis; And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain.

Who seeks for perfection will seek her in vain.

Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,

And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"

To take the first booby that graciously came And offered those treasures—her home and his name.

I think then, my chances of marriage are small,

But why should I think of such chances as all?

My brothers are, all of them, younger than I, Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?

I know that in business I'm not an adept, Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;

But this is the question that puzzles my mind—

Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,

Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

—Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

### MRS. ALICE (HEAL) HAYES.

Mrs. Alice Bradley Hayes, a popular actress in the department of fiction and juvenile literature, died at her residence at Manlius, Worcester county, on Sunday, August 28, aged 35. She was a native of Utica, N. Y., her maiden name being Emily Bradley. While still a school girl, she furnished a series of brilliant sketches under the pseudonym of Alice G. Lee, to *The Saturday Gazette*, a weekly journal then recently established in Palmyra by Mr. Joseph C. Neal. This led to an intimate acquaintance with the editor, and in 1846 she became his wife. At his request she assumed the name of Alice, which she retained during the remainder of her life.

Their union continued but a single year, and on the death of Mr. Neal in 1847, she undertook the editorial charge of *The Saturday Gazette*, which she conducted successfully for several years. At the same time, she was a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to some of the leading periodicals of the day. Her principal work, entitled "*Gems of Riverbank*," was published in 1850, but she is still more favorably known by her admirable juvenile productions, "*Eileen Morton*," "*No Such Word as Fail*," "*Out of Doors Out of Danger*," "*The Cooper*," and others of similar purport and merit. Her writings are remarkable for their facility and gracefulness of expression, the beauty of their illustrations, their elevated moral and domestic tone. She was married in 1858 to Mr. Samuel L. Hayes, and afterward resided in the vicinity of New York until her death.

A DEAD MAN COMES TO LIFE—SINGULAR CASE.—We yesterday reported that Mr. Henry Myers, residing on Clinton street, had been killed by lightning. An inquest had been held on the body and life pronounced extinct. Yesterday every preparation had been made for his funeral, his friends had assembled, the body had duly dressed, the relatives had put on mourning, the hearse and the priest arrived, and the coffin was about to be closed up, when the arms of the corpse were observed to move, and very soon, wonderful to relate, the dead man sat bolt upright in his coffin, and, after surveying the scene for a few moments, inquired the cause of all the gloomy preparations he saw going on. The joy of his weeping wife and little ones can be imagined when they found the dead had actually returned to life, and the house of mourning was soon turned into a house of rejoicing—the funeral in a fest. The electric shock had suspended animation for over twenty-four hours so perfectly as to deceive even the coroner, the man's wife and all his friends. Although apparently dead, and the lightning having killed him, the coroner having pronounced him dead, and the newspapers published the fact, he is *de jure* a dead man. It might become a nice question whether a man has a right to come to life again, after being duly killed and pronounced properly and legally dead, or not. We submit it to the professionals at the Provost Court bar.—N. O. Era, Aug. 15.

**EW A NEW BAROMETER.**—M. Surgeon, of Valencia, has studied the phenomena which are produced in a cup of coffee when the sugar is put into the cup; and the result of these observations is thus stated:—*"If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, and the globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of fine weather; on the contrary, the froth forms a ring around the sides of the cup; it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre."*

**EW** Albert Gunn was recently discharged for false entries in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington. He dismissed reads thus:—"A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

### PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to render them in pronouncing a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:

**MRS. HENRY WOOD.**, Author of "*The Earl's Heir*," "*Lynne*," "*The Changeling*," &c.

**MARION HARLAND.**, Author of "*Alone*," "*The Hidden Path*," "*Miram*," &c.

AND

**VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND**, Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES

**NOTES, &c.**  
It was First Captain George W. Rodgers commanding the Cascill, and not Commander John Rodgers, of the Wachawken, who was killed on the Cascill during the attack on Fort Wagner on the 17th inst.

**How Pictures ARE MADE.**—The ghost which has recently been introduced upon the stage is nothing more than an optical effect produced by a plate of glass, which receives a highly illuminated reflection of an actor in front of it, but concealed from the audience. The plated glass acts like a looking-glass precisely as the shop-windows reflect the images of objects—persons, horses, railroads, cars—as they pass along the street. The glass is placed in front of the stage, inclined towards the audience, to whom it is invisible, and it does not obstruct the view of objects behind it.

**The RUM Kind of Liquor.**—At the late Temperance Convention in Saratoga, a gentleman took occasion to utter a word of censure as to the circulation of evil reports concerning the loss of battles by the incompetence of commanding generals. He said that shortly before Vicksburg was taken, an astute patriot went to the President to urge that Gen. Grant should be removed from command, because he "drunks." Mr. Lincoln calmly inquired of the visitor if he could tell what liquor Gen. Grant drinks. The man could not tell what it was. "I am sorry you can't inform me," said Mr. Lincoln, "for I should like to recommend some of the same kind of liquor to some other generals."—*N. Y. Independent.*

An English paper says:—"Edward Lloyd, Esq., of Brystle, Llanogian, committed suicide last week by shooting himself with a revolver, in which were two bullets. The rapid depression in the prices of the Confederate loan, in which the deceased had embarked to a large extent, is said to have led to the melancholy occurrence."

Few people realize the extent of the territories of the West. It is said that Idaho embraces an area of 250,000 square miles—enough to make eleven states like New York—and her extensive gold fields are attracting a large migration.

**THE DICTATOR.**—In a letter of recent date to Capt. Sargent, Captain Ericsson writes:—"The Dictator is fast approaching completion, with her ten-and-a-half-inch iron side armor and fifteen-inch thick turrets. Her new wrought iron ordnance is nearly ready. Mark my word, this vessel will as surely prove a Dictator as the first one of her size has proved a Monitor. The golden Monitor has been exhibited, I understand, all over the country. It will be presented to me in a few days, when I expect to be charmed with your 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' which its machinery is made to play."

Our day last week a rosy-cheeked damsel called upon Provost-Marshal Davis, of Maine, in company with her lover who had been drafted, and offered herself as a substitute for him. She insisted that she was best able to endure the hardships of war, and that she would gladly shoulder a musket and take his place in the ranks, rather than the precious life of her lover should be endangered by rebel bullets. The objects of her affections seemed to be entirely willing to assent to the arrangement, but the obdurate heart of Capt. Davis was proof against every appeal, and the devoted girl, compelled to surrender her lover to the mercies of the Enrollment Board, went away sorrowing.

An Austrian cavalry officer, whose name is not given in the papers, has laid an extraordinary bet with two of his comrades. In the course of September he engages to ride to Paris, starting from Freiburg, and perform the entire distance of one thousand miles within twenty-one days. He is to use one horse only for the journey, making about fifty miles a day; he is to tend, feed, and groom his horse himself. Free to choose his route, he will be accompanied by his opponents, who are also at liberty to go by horse or rail, as they like. Stakes, 5,000 to 1.

A CHINESE boy, who was learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced," rendered it thus: "We have toot, toot to you, what's the matter you no jump?"

The commerce of the world requires 3,000,000 able-bodied men to constantly traversing the sea. The amount of property moved on the water is from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,000,000,000, and average annual loss is \$25,000,000.

The importance of the coal trade has been one of gradual development. Twenty years ago good coal lands on the Lackawanna could be bought at rates varying from \$50 to \$100 per acre. Now they are worth \$500 to \$1,000. The land was held by a class of poverty-stricken farmers, who have in some cases become immensely rich by this advance in value. Most of the coal lands, however, were bought up years ago, and are in the hands of large corporations such as the Delaware and Hudson, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and others, some of whom own from ten to fifteen thousand acres.

The use of the ramrod in drilling troops has been forbidden in England. Reason, the steel ramrod causes the wear of rifled barrels by its friction.

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**A Michigan paper** says that a Mrs. Henderson, of that town, on Tuesday last, was riding on horseback, when a violent wind came up. She put her horse to the top of his speed to escape from the trees near by, when a tree fell directly in line of the young lady, who sprang from her horse, and the tree struck in the saddle, crushing the horse into a shapeless mass, the lady escaping harmlessly.

Young women should set good examples, for young men are always following them.

### Peculiarities of a Horse, Horses and Hail Storm.

A rebel officer who was at Port Hudson thus describes the mode, hours and no place to which the garrison resorted in their extremity.—

"The last quarter ration of beef had been given out to the troops on the 26th of June. On the 1st of July, at the request of many officers, a wounded mule was killed and cut up for experimental eating. All those who partook of it spoke highly of the dish. The flesh of mules is of a darker color than beef, of a finer grain, quite tender and juicy, and has a flavor something between that of beef and mutton. There was an immediate demand for this kind of food, and the number of mules killed by the commissioners daily increased. Some horses were also slaughtered, and their flesh was found to be very good eating, but not equal to mule. None of which were quite about the deserted camps, were also caught by many officers and men, and were found to be quite a luxury; superior, in the opinion of those who ate them, to spring chicken; and if a philosopher of the Celestial Empire could have visited Port Hudson at the time, he would have marveled at the progress of the barbarians there toward the refinements of his own people."

Horse meat was regularly served out in rations to the troops from and after the 4th of July, and there were very few among the garrison whose natural prejudices were so strong as to prevent them from cooking and eating their share. The stock of corn was getting very low, and besides that nothing was left but peas, sugar, and molasses. These peas were the most indigestible and unwholesome articles that were ever given to soldiers to eat, and the reason that such a large quantity was left on hand was probably accounted for by the fact that most of the troops would not have them on any consideration. To save corn, they were hoarded out to horses and mules, and killed a great many of them animals. All of the horses and mules which were not needed for hauling or other imperative duties, had been turned out to grass, where numbers of them were killed or disabled by the enemy's cannoneade and rain of Minie balls, and the rest nearly starved to death.

The sugar and molasses was put to a good use by the troops in making a weak description of beer, which was constantly kept at the lines by the barrelful, and drunk by the soldiers in preference to the miserabile water with which they were generally supplied. This was a very general and healthful beverage, and went far to compensate the men for the lack of almost every other comfort or luxury. In the same way, after the stock of tobacco had given out, they substituted shunney leaves, which grew wild in the woods. It has always been smoked by the Indians under the name of kishkenick, and when properly prepared for the pipe, is a tolerably good substitute for tobacco.

**THE CAUSE OF STRAINING.**—The cause of strainings, the cause of strainings.

If those who suffer either Constipation, Indigestion, Costiveness, Flies, Dyspepsia, &c., would use Dr. Radway's Regulating Pill, in place of the common aloe pills, they would avoid the unnatural habit of straining and quickly rid themselves of the disease. This straining that is forced upon the patient when at stool, is caused by the irritation of the mucous membrane of the lower bowels. Bear in mind, that all of these common pills of aloe, &c., never dissolve in the stomach or exert the least influence on the liver, but are carried to the lower bowels, and there, by their drastic and unnatural influence occasion irritation, and instead of securing a natural movement or evacuation, induces an irritating discharge, which involves cramps, wrenching pains, straining, tenacious, frequently sending the patient to the water closet on futile errands. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS, are the only safe pills to take—they act directly on the Liver and purify the blood. One to six boxes will cure any disease that the most popular of pills are advertised to cure.

Sold by Druggists."

**BEESWAX** is scarce, and Yellow is quoted at \$100 per lb.

**GOAL** is held firmly. Orders come forward steadily. **Soyayhill White Ash Lamp** 75¢ per lb. **SOYAYHILL** Lamp Lamp 75¢ per lb. Prepared 75¢ per lb. **SOYAYHILL** Lamp Lamp 75¢ per lb.

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**COPPER** continues dull and unchanged. Of Yellow Metal prices are steady at \$10 per pound.

**FEATHERS** continue scarce, but the demand is limited at \$400 per lb.

**FRUIT**—The sales are confined to Green Apples and Peaches, and for the latter prices range at \$100 per basket. Dried Fruit is dull and prices nominally unchanged.

**HAT** is selling at \$10 to \$11, 10¢ per 100 lbs., the latter for good Timothy.

**HOPS** continue dull, with limited sales of Eastern and Western at 17¢ per lb.

**IRON**—The market is dull, with some little inquiry for Pig Metal, and good No. 1 scarce and wanted at \$25 per ton. Scotch Pig is held at \$30 per ton, and dull. Manufactured Iron is quiet.

**LEAD** is quiet, and we hear of no sales of Pig.

**LUMBER** is in fair demand for the season.

**SHOES** of White Pine, \$100@\$20; Yellow Sap Boxes of Douglas, and White Pine Shingles at \$10@\$11. 10¢. Hemlock is better.

**SOFTWOOD** is firm.

**PLASTER** sells on arrival at \$4 per ton.

**RICE** is dull; the demand continues limited at \$7@\$7.50 per East India.

**SEEDS**—There is little or nothing doing in Clevered, and quotations are nearly nominal at \$20@\$25 per bushel. Timothy is in better demand, and 1000 bushels have been disposed of at \$12.50@\$13 per bushel.

**SPIRITS**—There is very little movement in Brandy, Gin or Rum, and no alteration to note in price or demand. Whiskey is scarce and selling more freely at 47½¢ per bushel, the latter in a small way, 48½¢ per bushel, and 50¢@51¢ per bushel.

**SUGAR**—The market is more active, and prices 360@370 per cent better, with sales of about 1800 bushels, and 1200 boxes Cuba at from \$9 to \$12, on time.

**TALLOW**—There is a fair demand for shipment, with further sales of City rendered at 10½@11½¢ per lb.

**TOBACCO** continues unsteady and dull.

**WOOL**—The market continues unsteady, prices ranging from 60¢ to 70¢ per medium and fine face, including tub at \$6@7½¢ per lb., which is lower.

**PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.**

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1566 head. The prices realized were from \$3½ to 9½ cents per lb. 150 Cows brought from \$25 to 30 per head. 900 Sheep were sold at from 3 to 3½ cents per lb. 300 Hogs at from \$3½ to 50 per lb.

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**MARRIAGES.**

**Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.**

On the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOSEPH McCLORE, to Miss ELIZABETH LEWIS.

On the 15th of Aug. by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JOHN HAMILTON, to Miss ANNIE E. KIRK, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug. by the Rev. G. F. Krotel, Mr. CHARLES A. KEYTHORPE, of York, Pa. to Miss JANE, daughter of P. Castor, both of Frankford, Pa.

At the Continental Hotel, on the 24th of Aug. by the Rev. J. H. Aday, WILLIAM T. HELLMAN, Esq. of this city, to Miss LILLIE F. DAHLER, daughter of C. Paul, Esq. of Whitehall, Bucks County, formerly of Germantown.

On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. N. CARON, GEORGES BORNE, to ANNA M. FILASTER.

On the 5th of Aug. by the Rev. J. C. Crowe, Mr. DANIEL WALKER, to Miss JANE POLLACK, both of this city.

On the 11th of Aug. by the Rev. Jos. Perry, Mr. ALPHONSE ROBINSON, to Miss ANNIE BURKE, both of this city.

### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

**FLOUR AND MEAL**—The market for Flour continues dull and drooping. Sales for shipment reach some 6000 bushels, in lots, at \$4.50 for old stock and late inspected extra, and \$5.00 for extra family, including better brands and \$6.00 for extra family.

**SOYAYHILL**—The sales to the trade continue limited within the range of \$4.50@5.25 for superfine, \$5.00@5.75 for extra, \$5.25@6.50 for extra family, and \$6.75@7.50 per bushel for fancy lots, according to brand and freshness. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at \$4.50@5 per bushel.

**GRAIN**—There is not much Wheat offering; sales of about 30,000 bushels to note for milling from \$50 to \$100 per acre. Now they are worth \$500 to \$1,000. The land was held by a class of poverty-stricken farmers, who have in some cases become immensely rich by this advance in value. Most of the coal lands, however, were bought up years ago, and are in the hands of large corporations such as the Delaware and Hudson, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and others, some of whom own from ten to fifteen thousand acres.

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May be obtained weekly at the Post Office of the Saturday Evening Post.

**E. DEXTER**, 125 Nassau St., N. Y.

**SINCLAIR TOOMSY**, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

**HENRY TAYLOR**, No. 120 Nassau St., N. Y.

**A. WILLIAMS & CO.**, 100 Washington St., Boston.

**HENRY MINER**, Nos. 125 & 127 Fifth St., Pittsburgh.

**JNO. F. MUNY**, Nassau St., Pittsburg.

**A. GUNTER**, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

**JNO. E. WALSH**, Chicago, Ill.

**JAMES H. CRAWFORD**, St. Louis, Missouri.

Post offices generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

Half page required in advance.

**Have You Seen the New Singing Book?**

**"THE HARP OF JUDAH,"**

BY L. O. EMERSON,

Author of the "Golden Wrinkles,"

## wit and humor.

## ROLLING A JACKASS.

Harper's "Devon" contains this "curious" anecdote:—

The commanding officer of Holloway Detach., Maryland, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and, finding none of the male members of the family at home, made inquiry of an old woman, the number and age of the "males" of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped.

"Is there no one else?" asked the officer.

"No," replied the woman, "none except Billy Bray."

"Billy Bray! where is he?"

"He was at the barn a moment ago," said the old lady.

"Out went the officer, but could not see the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. Time of the drafting came, and one of those drawn whom the last still was Billy Bray. No one knew him; where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him, and lo, behold, Billy Bray was a jackass, and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland.

## THE WORKMAN AHEAD.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of this city, who is equally renowned for his ability to make and take a joke. A railroad employee, whose house is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass down to visit his family.

"You are in the employ of the railroad" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well. Now suppose you were working for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to pitch up his team every Saturday night and 'carry you home'?"

This seemed a poser, but it wasn't.

"No," said the man, promptly, "I wouldn't expect that; but if the farmer had his team hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass, good for twelve months.—*Buffalo Courier*.

## ADVANTAGES OF PRINTING.

Mr. B——, a well-known Metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in hand.

"I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's getting a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes isn't what they was."

"Fifty cents."

"Can you have it done in half-an-hour? I wish you would—want to be getting home—live a good ways out in the country."

When the old lady went out, he sent around to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents.

"Low sakes a mussy!" exclaimed the old woman, when she came to look at it, "how good you have fixed it!—it's even almost as good as new. I never seed nothin' so curious as wot printin' is!"

## A PUZZLED JUSTICE.

A man named Joe was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Joe, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:—

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt, for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it."

The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

## A GOOD TROTTER.

A lawyer coming out of his office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, met a creditor whom he was anxious to avoid. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but the lawyer did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately resolved what to do, knowing the creditor's weakness.

"That's a beautiful mare you are on," said the lawyer.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed; how does she trot?"

The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot.

The lawyer dodged round the corner into Holborn, and was out of sight in a moment.

"The next ostendum, we believe, is as follows: 'Why is the trumpet of the world?' The answer is: 'Because it is in the mouth of man; it is in hell, and all the elements are in purgatory.'

## THE HORRORS OF A QUICKSAND.

Many romantic stories have been told by travelers of the mystery, attractiveness, and instinct displayed by their favorite scenes; but none, perhaps, has surprised one related by an eminent traveler. This gentleman was out shooting on the bank of a river, when, to his amazement, he found himself caught by the feet; held firmly, as if his legs had been in a vice. He made an effort to extricate himself; another, more violent and equally unsuccessful, and, with a third, lost his balance and fell back upon the water. Half suffocated, he regained his upright position, but only to find that he was held as fast as ever. Again he struggled to free his limbs. He could neither move them back wards nor forwards, to the right nor the left, and he became sensible that he was gradually going down. The fearful truth flashed upon him: he was sinking in a quicksand! A sensation of horror came over the hapless prisoner, as, with a feeling of desperation, he renewed his efforts, leaning to one side, then to the other, almost wrenching his knees from their sockets. His feet, despite all, remained as fast as ever. He could not move an inch!

He has tags thrillingly narrated the issue:

"The soft dingy sand already overtopped my horse-skin boots, wedging them around my ankles, so that I was unable to draw them off, and I could feel that I was still sinking slowly but surely, as though some subterranean monster was leisurely dragging me down. This very thought caused me a thrill of horror, and I called aloud for help. To whom? There was no one within miles of me—no living thing. Yes! the neighing of my horse answered me from the hill, mocking me in my despair.

I bent forwards as well as my constrained position would admit, and, with frenzied fingers, commenced tearing up the sand. I could barely reach the surface, and the little hollow I was able to make filled up almost as soon as it had been formed. A thought occurred to me: my rifle might support me, placed horizontally. I looked for it. It was not to be seen; it had sunk beneath the sand. Could I throw my body flat, and prevent myself from sinking deeper? No; the water was two feet in depth, and I should drown at once! This last hope left me as soon as formed. I could think of no plan to save myself; I could make no further effort. A strange stupor seized me. My very thoughts became paralyzed. For a moment I was mad.

"After an interval my senses returned. I made an effort to rouse my mind from its paralysis, in order that I might meet death, which I now believed to be inevitable, as a man should. My heart smote me. Raising my eyes to heaven, I gazed upwards with earnestness, known only to the hearts of men in positions of peril like mine. As I continued to look up, an object attracted my attention. Against the sky I distinguished the outline of a large bird, I knew it to be a buzzard-vulture. Whence had it come? Who knows? Far beyond the reach of man's eye it had seen or scented the slaughtered antelopes; and on broad, silent wings was now descending to the feast of death. Presently another, and another, and many others, mottled the blue fields of the heavens, curving and wheeling silently earthward. Then the foremost swooped down upon the bank, and, after gazing round for a moment, flapped off toward its prey. In a few seconds the prairie was black with filthy birds, who clambered over the dead antelopes, and beat their wings against each other while they tore out the eyes of their prey with their beaks.

"I was soon relieved from the sight. My eyes had sunk below the level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth! I could now see only the clayey wall that contained the river and the water, that ran, unheeding, past me. Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky, and, with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate. Again I was attracted by the neighing of my horse. At the sound, a thought entered my mind, filling me with fresh hope: 'Perhaps my horse?' I raised my voice to its highest pitch, and called the animal by name. I knew that he would come at my call. I had tied him but slightly; again I called, repeating words well known to him. For a moment there was silence, then I heard the quick sound of his hoof, as though the animal was roaring and struggling to free himself; then I could distinguish the stroke of his hoofs in a measured and regular gallop. Nearer and clearer came the sounds, till the gallant creature bounded out on the bank above me. There he halted, and flinging back his towed mane, uttered a shrill neigh. He was bewildered, and looked on every side, snorting loudly. I knew that, having once seen me, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek; for this was his usual custom. Holding out my hands, I again uttered the magic words. Now looking down, he perceived me, and, stretching himself, sprang out into the channel. The next moment I held him by the bridle. I was still going down, and my arm pits were fast nearing the surface of the quicksand. I caught the rein and a leather thong attached, and, passing it under the saddle-girths, fastened it in a knot, tight and firm. I then looped the trailing end, making it secure around my body. I had left enough of the rope between the bit-ring and

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



DOCTOR.—"There's not much the matter with him, but I think we must cut off his animal ailment."

MASTER TOM (with intense alarm).—"Oh! Ma! Will it hurt me?"

the girths to enable me to check and guide the animal, in case the drag upon my body should be too painful.

"All this while the dumb brute seemed to comprehend what I was about. He knew the nature of the ground on which he stood; for, during the operation, he kept lifting his feet alternately, to prevent himself from sinking. My arrangements completed, with a feeling of terrible anxiety I gave my horse the signal to move forwards. Instead of going off with a start, the intelligent creature stepped away slowly, as though he understood my situation. I felt my body moving, and the next moment found myself dragged out of the sand. I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to my steed, and throwing my arms round his neck, embraced him with delight. He answered my caress with a low whinny, which told me I was understood. I looked for my rifle. Fortunately, it had not sunk deep, and I soon found it. My boots were left behind, but I stayed not to look for them, being smitten with a dread of the place I had left them in, and grateful, I trust, to a kind Providence for my unexpected preservation."

## GREAT GALE FROM LITTLE ACORN GROW.

Mr. Davis stubbed his toe, the other day, and said d——. The exclamation so astonished Mr. Davis's oldest boy, William Henry, that he dropped his hat and rushed into the house with eyes so wide open that they looked like "eight cent saucers."—Mrs. D., seeing William Henry's looks, became frightened, and dashed out doors to see if Mr. Davis had fallen into the well. While absent from the kitchen, Master Jan. Davis set fire to his apron. This set fire to a box of shavings, while the box of shavings ignited the house. The result of all this, that being uninsured, Davis is out three thousand dollars, and all caused by his attempting to make a salve of a little blanchetty. Think of Davis, and take on wisdom.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—A part of Bohemia, called Egra, seems to be the only place where a wedding is not considered an occasion of rejoicing. There it would be deemed indecorous for a bride to appear in white garments, or adorn herself with jewels and white flowers. She wears her usual black dress, with a cloak of the same color, with a rosemary in one hand, and in the other a veil with which to cover her during the ceremony. In this dismal attire, she demurely proceeds to the church, attended by her relations, who preserve the utmost solemnity of countenance during the ceremonies.

## HOW TO SAVE A DROWNING PERSON.

It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggle he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above the water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above the water for an hour.

If seized by any other part of the body, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

FATTY.—A lady in Switzerland, addressing a peasant who was working in his garden very early in the season, said, "I fear the plants which have come forward rapidly will yet be destroyed by the frost." "God has been our Father a great while," was the reply.

There is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

## Agricultural.

## THINNING THE LEAVES OF GRAPES.

One of the most absurd practices prevalent, is that of pulling off the foliage of grapes, in order (as it is said,) to ripen up the fruit. Those who do this say they can't bear to see the clusters so shaded; and so they thrust right and left, covering the ground with green leaves. This is a great error. The ripening of fruit depends upon the presence and successful working of well formed and healthy foliage on vigorous vines. The leaves are the lungs and stomach of the plant. Through them it breathes; by them it digests its food, and prepares nourishment for the fruit and the whole vine. Go to the sides of the forest, and you find the blackberry developing larger, and ripening up finer in partial shade, than in the sunny field. Go a little further and you will find the wild grape growing luxuriantly and ripening perfectly where the sun seldom shines: certainly, where it never reaches the clusters, and where no one pulls off the leaves. Some of the handsomest clusters ever picked in our garden, hung all summer in the shade of leaves, and on the north side of the trellis-bar. The leaves had the sunlight all day, but the fruit did not. We have no doubt that one reason why the costly vineyards of the country show so much half-ripened fruit, is because the gardeners so perpetually meddle with the foliage.

## THE POTATO ROT.

Thomas Carpenter, of Battle Creek, Mich., communicates the following, as his mode of fighting off the potato rot:

Now I will tell you how I manage; promising that I have never yet had potatoes rot in the ground, and that I am sixty-three years old.

I plant my potatoes in the latter part of April or fore part of May, and in the old of the moon. When they get up six inches high, I plaster and dress them out nicely. Now for the secret. When the sets show for blossoming, then is the time to take two parts plaster and one part fine salt; mix well together, and put one large spoonful of this compound on each hill; drop it as near the center of the hill as possible. Just as soon as the potatoes are ripe, take them out of the ground; have them perfectly dry when put in the cellar, and keep them in a dry, cool place. Some farmers let their potatoes remain in the ground, soaking through all the cold fall rains until the snow flies. The potatoes become diseased in this way more and more every year; hence the potato rot. With such management they should rot.

## HOW TO WATER PLANTS.

This is usually badly done. Water is poured upon the surface—enough, perhaps, to wet down an inch or two. The water washes the fine earth into the chinks and interstices, and there the plant stands, with dry or only soil moist below, but with a baked mass on the surface which shuts out warmth, air, and the moisture that would be derived from its free circulation. One of two methods should be adopted. Remove the surface earth and pour on water enough to reach the wet subsoil, and when the water has soaked in, replace the dry surface soil to be moistened from below; or make a hole as near the plant as you can without disturbing the roots, and fill this with water two or three times, and afterwards fill it with the dry earth first removed. At all events, when you water at all, water freely, and with the foot or hoe throw a little dry earth over the surface as the water settles away. These are important hints. A few plants thus well cared for will yield more than three times the number carelessly treated.

MANURING TREES.—It is a very common but mistaken and useless practice, to apply all the manure close about the foot of the tree. The roots have shot off a long way from this narrow circle, and very few get any of the rich feeding intended for them. Others, with more judgment, but still erring, regard the circle of the roots as large as the circle of the branches, and apply accordingly. The circle should be still larger; for, as a general rule, the roots extend as far as the distance from the bottom of the trunk to the extremities of the tallest or longest branches; hence, in orchards, long before the boughs approach each other above, the roots below have formed one continuous network through the whole surface of the field.

WHEAT AFTER SORGHUM.—I have a field of wheat sown on ground on which corn and sorghum were raised last year. That part on which sorghum grew is badly affected with red rust; is very thin and short headed, and will hardly pay for cutting, while that on the corn ground looks well; land and cultivation the same. Can any give the reason? I find corn does well after sorghum.—H. A. Monroe, *le Prairie Farmer*.

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published July 11th.—100 acres, in both fields. One field 180 rods square; the other 40 rods square. Price \$3.25 per acre.—A. MARTIN, E. HAGERTY, GILL BATES, and FRANCIS HIBBERT.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published July 18th.—61 degrees, 21 minutes, 9 seconds—E. HAGERTY.

Answer to my own PROBLEM, published July 19th.—Length of division lines, 8.22, 8.26 and 9.64 rods; and distance of plains from centers of spheres, 0.75 and 2.41 inches on one side, and 1.13 inches on opposite side or direction.—E. HAGERTY.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM, published June 27th.—125265.386259 feet, or 24.486121 miles above the earth.—FRANCIS W. HIBBERT, Ohio.

22570.67 feet.—E. HAGERTY, Baltimore.

Taking the force of gravity at 32 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and allowing sound to move 1145 feet per second, (which last distance was misprinted in the Problem,) the required height is 31067.177-100 feet.

—A. MARTIN, Venango Co., Pa.

We think it would be well for the author of the Problem to send word through the columns of *The Post* which answer he deems correct.—ED. RIDDLER.

## The Riddler.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 85 letters.

My 4, 20, 6, 13, 35, represents the shadow of my all.

My 21, 5, 10, 14, is little known to my all.

My 4, 12, 19, 9, represents the feelings of my all.

My 1, 2, 11, represents the number of parts composing my all.

My 21, 9, 11, 7, expresses the entire width of my all.

My 12, 4, 20, is the abbreviation of my all.

My 12, 5, 17, is a condition sometimes known to my all.

My 12, 15, 16, 19, 23, will express the feelings of my all.

My all never was and never will be.

Grognons, D. C. Capt. J. B. F.